

DEAF-MUTE JOURNAL.

VOLUME XLIV.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

Hymn Before Action.

The earth is full of anger,
The seas are dark with wrath,
The Nations in their harness
Go up against our path:
Ere yet we loose the legions,
Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, aid!

High lust and froward bearing,
Proud heart, rebellious brow—
Deaf ear and soul uncaring,
We seek Thy mercy now!
The sinner that forsook Thee,
The fool that passed Thee by,
Our times are known before Thee—
Lord, grant us strength to die!

From panic, pride and terror,
Revenge that knows no rein,
Light haste and lawless error,
Protect us yet again.
Cloak Thou our undervailing,
Make firm the shuddering breath,
In silence and unswerving,
To taste Thy lesser death!

E'en now their vanguard gathers,
E'en now we face the fray—
As Thou didst help our fathers,
Help Thou our host to-day!
Fulfilled of signs and wonders,
In life, in death made clear—
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, hear!

—Rudyard Kipling.

An Ownerless Million

I jumped on the Congressional Limited one winter afternoon as the train was moving out of the Washington station.

It was a hurried business trip to New York, of which I had only an hour's notice. I had the afternoon papers and a small hand-bag.

When shown to my seat in the parlor car I noticed that the chair next to mine was occupied by a woman; also that she was pretty, aristocratic looking and dressed fashionably.

So far as could be seen, she had nothing in the shape of bundles or baggage with her, except what appeared to be a lot of stationery wrapped in pink paper and tied with a red cord, which she kept on her lap and carelessly handled from time to time.

Just before the train reached Philadelphia she got up, stood a moment apparently undecided, and then, turning to me and extending the box in pink, surprised and pleased me by asking with a smile, "May I trouble you to look after this?"

"Certainly, certainly, with pleasure," I replied as soon as I could get my wits together, but she had not waited to hear.

She had left the pink-covered box in my hands and had gone, I supposed, to the buffet car.

After the train had left Broad Street station and the woman had not returned, I asked the porter what had become of her and was astonished when he said that she had got off at Philadelphia.

It was evident that the pink-covered box had been intentionally left with me, but why, and what did it contain?

Great as my curiosity was to know the contents of the box, I would not unwrap and open it in the car, and when I did open it in privacy of my room in a New York hotel, I was very glad that I had placed that restraint upon myself.

What sort of stationery do you suppose was in that pink-covered box?

Ten packages of crisp, new United States \$1,000 gold certificates, with a band of paper around each package as they were used in banks. Upon each band was written "One Hundred Thousand Dollars," 100 notes in each package, a grand total of \$1,000,000.

My first impulse was to take the million dollars and go to Europe on the first available steamer.

Impulse, did I say? It was really a calm determination that lasted through the greater part of the night and included the selection of a steamer sailing the next day, and was not abandoned until my avarice was convinced that a large reward, at least ten per cent of the whole, perhaps double that, would be offered by the owner of the money, who would be sure to advertise for its return.

The decision that it would be better to have one-tenth of a million as a reward for honesty than the entire million as a weight upon my conscience was not arrived at, but once reached, it was clung to with all my strength.

Sleep was entirely out of the question with \$1,000,000 in cash in

the room with me. I spent the night thinking, and such thoughts! In the morning I tore up the box, which had really originally contained stationery, and carefully dropped the pieces into a waste pipe. The money I wrapped in my nightshirt, which I put in the hand bag.

This hand-bag was near being the death of me that day. I ate breakfast with the hand bag in my lap and one hand always touching it, and attended to the business which had carried me to New York without ever once letting it loose, and I am sure I never took my eyes entirely away from it once while on the train returning to Washington.

I bought all the New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore papers, but there was no advertisement in any of them concerning the loss of a large sum of money.

Another sleepless night in the room with a million dollars followed my return to Washington. The next morning I hired a box in a safe deposit vault and got rid of the awful and wearing responsibility.

I waited a week, and still there was no advertisement of the lost fortune. My associates began to comment on my increasing restlessness and nervousness and to suggest that I would better take a rest. I intended to take a long rest and a luxurious one as soon as the ownership of the million dollars was settled. Perhaps the money was stolen property and the thieves were afraid to advertise its loss. I concluded to advertise for the owner myself.

After many advertisements had been written and torn up, I decided on this:

Large sum of money left on Congressional Limited between Washington and New York. Will be restored to owner upon proper identification. Address Caretaker, P. O. box 1911 Washington, D. C.

For a full week this was run in all the daily papers of Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York at an expense to me of \$39.70. I took receipts from each paper and preserved them as souvenirs of my stay in millionaireshood.

I had a number of answers, but none of them got within a million miles of my million.

Having sought diligently for the owner of the million dollars and spent my own good money freely in advertising, without success, was I not now the legal and legitimate owner of it?

That question had my poor brain doing a continuous twenty-four hour stunt. I answered it in the affirmative twenty times a day, but the plaguey thing wouldn't stay answered.

I began to feel quite as worn and haggard as I looked, and to wonder why the possession of a million dollars, with the probability that it would all be mine, growing into a certainty, did not bring me more pleasures. I asked myself whether all millionaires were as much troubled about their money as I was.

Six weeks had passed since the million dollars was placed in my possession, and I began to make plans as to what I would do with it. I no longer expected the owner to turn up.

I had not mentioned the money or the odd manner in which it had come into my possession to any one, and was still undecided as to how I should account for my sudden wealth when I began to spend the money.

After mature deliberation I decided to make my appearance as a man of wealth gradually.

I would make a deposit of \$10,000 in one bank.

After taking ten of the \$1,000 notes from my safe deposit box, it occurred to me that it would be a good idea to carry them to the United States treasury and get notes of smaller denomination for them.

On reaching the cash room of the treasury I handed the ten \$1,000 notes through the wire wicket teller's window and asked that he give me fifties for them. It did not surprise me to notice a rather astonished and startled look on the teller's face as he took the notes, or that he should step to one side and examine one of them carefully through a glass.

I did not suppose that ten \$1,000 notes were passed through the wicket very frequently by any one

except runners for the banks; consequently it seemed the natural thing that they should be carefully examined.

His deliberation, however, in counting and recounting those fifty dollar notes was getting on my nerves, and I was about to speak impatiently to him, when I felt a light touch on my shoulder and a low but distinct voice said near my ear, "I want you."

"Well, I'm here," I answered, facing the speaker impatiently. "What do you want with me?" "I want you to go with me," he replied with a smile, without raising his voice.

"Why should I go with you?" I asked rather sharply. "I don't know you."

"No, but I think you'll go," he answered in the same exasperatingly calm tone.

"Why?" I demanded, somewhat frightened by his manner, without having any clear idea why I should be.

"Because," he said, almost in a whisper, "you are under arrest."

"What for?" I managed to ask, at the same time trying hard to think of any reason why I should be arrested.

"Trying to pass counterfeit money," he replied, turning back his coat and allowing me to see the United States secret service badge he wore.

"You are out of your head," I retorted angrily, but at the same time the awful truth flashed upon me—my million was counterfeit.

"That may be," he said as he reached for the notes, which the teller handed him, each with the word "Counterfeit" cut across its face. "You can talk about that to Chief Wilkes. Come!"

Fortunately I was well known to Chief Wilkes. He not only accepted my story, but added to it by telling me that the woman had learned from a confederate on the train that his men were hot on her trail, and being obliged to get rid of the counterfeit money somewhere, had given it to me, thereby securing her own release when she was arrested and searched, immediately after leaving the train.

The Chief went with me to the safe deposit, got the rest of the counterfeits and destroyed them. He congratulated me on getting out of an ugly predicament so easily.

To this day I am unable to say with certainty whether relief or regret was my stronger feeling over the loss of the ownerless million dollars.

St. Andrew's Silent Mission

Trinity Church, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

Rev. G. H. Hefflon, Messrs. E. W. Frisbee and A. S. Taft, Lay Readers.

JANUARY.

31—Boston, 11 A.M. Oral Service, 4 P.M. Rev. Mr. Hefflon. Have hill, Mr. Frisbee.

FEBRUARY.

7—Boston, 11 A.M. and Lynn, 3:30 P.M., Mr. Frisbee.

14—Boston, 11 A.M. and Salem, 2:15 P.M., Mr. Frisbee.

21—Ash Wednesday, Special Lenten Services: In Hartford at 8 P.M. February 18, in New Haven at 8 P.M. and Bridgeport at 8 P.M., Mr. Hefflon and Mr. Frisbee.

21—Boston, 11 A.M., Mr. Tufts; Pittsfield, Mass., at 10:45 A.M., North Adams, at 4 P.M., Mr. Frisbee.

23—Special Lenten Services, Preacher, Rev. John Chamberlain, of New York. February 23, Worcester; February 24, Boston; February 25, Providence; Hour, 8 P.M. for all these services.

28—Boston, 11 A.M., Holy Communion; Providence, 3 P.M., Rev. Mr. Hefflon; Worcester, 3:30 P.M., Mr. Frisbee.

E. W. FRISBEE, Lay-Missionary.

58 Sagamore Avenue, West Medford, Mass.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.

Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader, Miss Clara L. Steidemann, Sunday School Teachers and Social Helper.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M. Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M. Weekday social and literary meetings on first and third Fridays, at 8 P.M. Other services and meetings by special appointment.

The deaf cordially invited. Minister's address: 2806 Virginia Avenue.

"HELP!"

COMMITTEE: Edwin A. Hodgson, Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J., Rev. John H. Keiser, Mrs. Isaac Goldberg, Mrs. Moses Heyman, Mrs. John H. Keiser, Mrs. Wm. Liggins.

BULLETIN No. 8.

In response to Miss Yvonne Pi-trois' cry for help for the war-stricken Belgian Deaf, who are in need of food and clothing, the following has been contributed and sent to the undersigned:—

(Send contributions to Edwin A. Hodgson, Editor DEAF-MUTE JOURNAL, P. O. Station M, New York City.)

Edwin A. Hodgson . . . 2 00
Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Kerner . . . 2 00
Minnie M. Price, Middlebury, Vt. . . 1 00
Mr. and Mrs. Heyman . . . 5 00
William S. Abrams . . . 1 00
George T. Dougherty . . . 1 00
Alex McIlwraith . . . 1 00
Mrs. E. Souweine . . . 2 00
Elnora Rose . . . 1 00
Ida L. Frank . . . 2 00
Mrs. Annie S. Lashbrook . . . 1 00
Mrs. W. Buhle . . . 1 00
Charles Wiemuth . . . 50
Mrs. Oscar Pfeiffer (through her sister, Mrs. Moses Heyman) . . . 15 00
Fanny Wood (through Miss Wanda Makowski) . . . 1 96
Fanny Wood Boys (through Jean Paul Gruet) . . . 4 26
May Dougherty, Putnam, Ct. . . 1 00
Edwin C. Harsh, Rockwood, Pa. . . 1 00
Mrs. G. M. Teegarden, Pittsburg . . . 1 00

Through Rev. Philip J. Hasenstab:—
Chicago Mission . . . 2 00
Rock River Mission . . . 1 04
Additional, Jan. 11, 1915 . . . 1 01

Through Father McCarthy, S. J.:—
Children of Mary, Brooklyn . . . 5 00
Xavier Ephraeta Society . . . 2 00
Ephraeta . . . 3 00
Xavier League of the Sacred Heart . . . 1 00
Brooklyn De l'Espe Society . . . 1 00

Through Vernon S. Birk:—
Superintendent, Teachers, Pupils and Employees, of the North Carolina School for the Deaf . . . 25 00
Samuel Frankheim . . . 3 00
Charles Schatzkin . . . 1 00
Miss Marion E. Finch, Salem, Ore. . . 1 50
Brown Family, Warren, O. . . 1 50
Mr. and Mrs. Reichard, Niles, O. . . 50
Victor R. Anderson . . . 50
Mr. E. Souweine . . . 1 00
Mr. and Mrs. Risley, Pittsfield, Mass. . . 1 00
Deaf Residents and Students on Kendall Green (through Harley D. Drake) . . . 17 00

Pupils, Teachers and Officers of the Louisiana School for the Deaf (through Rev. J. L. Tracy) . . . 8 45
Collected at Gallaudet Day Celebration under the auspices of All Angels' Mission, Chicago, Ill., (through Rev. G. F. Flick) . . . 16 00

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Liggins . . . 5 00
Harry R. Hart, Chicago . . . 3 00
Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCabe, Gloversville, N. Y. . . 1 00
The Deaf of Duluth, Minn., (through J. C. Howard) . . . 30 00

Through George W. Veditz:—
Miss Bonita Mawhiney . . . 5 00
Miss Kate Calhoun . . . 2 00
Milford McCamey . . . 1 00
Mr. Stutsman . . . 1 00
C. P. Jones . . . 50
The Deaf of the Society . . . 5 00

Collected by Mrs. Veditz from the teachers and officers of the Colorado School in sums ranging from ten cents to \$2.00 each . . . 15 05
Collected by Miss Young from the employees and girl pupils of the Colorado School . . . 6 90
Collected by Mr. Winemiller from the boys of the Colorado School . . . 1 62

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldberg . . . 5 00
St. George's Bible Class, Schenectady, N. Y. (through Arthur T. Bailey) . . . 2 30
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Teachers and Pupils of the Missouri Institution, Fulton (through Mr. Henry Gross) . . . 20 05
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St. Barnabas Mission, Washington, D. C. (through Rev. H. C. Merrill) . . . 5 40

Silent Mission of Connecticut (through Dana B. Taylor—Hartford \$1.75, Bridgeport \$1.25, Waterbury \$1.20) . . . 4 20
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Francis P. Gibson, Chicago . . . 1 00
John D. Shea . . . 1 00
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Miss Cora H. Gorton . . . 1 00

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EDWIN A. HODGSON.

Rev. H. R. Allabough's Appointments
(1825 Detroit Ave., Lakewood, Ohio.)
MID-WESTERN DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

Dioceses: Pittsburg, Ohio, Southern Ohio, Indianapolis, Michigan, Lexington, Kentucky.

St. Margaret's Mission—Trinity Episcopal Church, Sixth Avenue, Pittsburg, Mo. Fr. A. Lettier, Lay Reader. Bible Class, 7 P.M. every Sunday. Services 7:45 P.M. every Sunday.

St. Philip's Mission in the Beaver Valley, Pa. Mr. Collins S. Sawhill, Lay Reader. Services once a month, subject to notice. Beaver Falls, New Brighton, Rochester and Beaver by turns.

All Saints' Mission—Trinity Church, Cor. Third and Broad Streets, Columbus, O. Mr. E. W. Charles, Lay Reader. Services: 10:30 A.M. every Sunday.

Owing to the postponement of the meeting of the Kentucky Association of the Deaf at the School for the Deaf, Danville, the appointments for Toledo, O., Dayton, O., Danville, Ky., and Louisville, Ky., (September 26) are hereby cancelled.

30—Washington Hall, Pittsburg, 7:45 P.M. Lecture by Rev. P. C. Smoak.

31—Pittsburg, 10:30 A.M. (Holy Communion) and 7:45 P.M., both by Rev. Mr. Smoak.

JANUARY.
Lecture by Rev. P. C. Smoak.

Rev. O. J. Whildin, General Missionary, W. 1436 Lanvale St., Baltimore, Md.

PRINCIPAL MISSION STATIONS.
Baltimore—Grace Chapel, Park Ave. and Monument St. Services and Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 3:15 P.M.

Washington, D. C.—St. Barnabas Mission, Holy Trinity, 34 and O. Streets, N. W. Rev. H. C. Merrill, Assistant. Services and Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 11 A.M.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 28, 1915.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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One Copy, one year \$1.00

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man."

Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

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Virginia's Impostors or Fakers Exposed.

From the Newport News Press, Jan. 21.

Some persons, not liking work, think they can get money in a very easy way by playing the deaf and dumb game. Somehow they get cards that have the manual alphabet, either single or double hand then they enter stores, offices, shops or residences, and show the cards and ask a bonus of a dime for one. People not wishing to be disturbed give a dime or a quarter for a card and make no use of it. In another way the "deaf" impostors play—the asking for loose change wherever with to further their education. The graft must be a lucrative one or there would not be so many engaged in it. The public is warned against giving money to a stranger who calls himself a "deaf-mute" or "deaf and dumb." The real deaf-mutes are disgusted with the art of begging; all they ask for work of some kind. Sometimes some of them peddle, but never to earn money to further their education, as every state and many of the big cities have free public schools for the deaf.

There are deaf persons who will gladly give cards gratis to persons who are interested in the deaf language or spelling on fingers.

The "deaf" impostor evil has become such a menace that state and national associations of the deaf are taking measures looking toward its suppression. Numerous arrests have been made in various parts of the country as the result of crusade inaugurated by the deaf. In several states there are special laws dealing with these impostors, but usually the vagrancy law and obtaining money under false pretences, covers the case.

A majority of real deaf-mutes are educated and industrious. It is safe to say that any so-called "deaf-mute" that goes from door to door asking aid, is a fake and should be turned over to the police for an investigation. Fake beggars are making a hardship on the genuine deaf-mutes and placing them in the wrong attitude, in so far as their friends are concerned. It is causing the generous public to believe that all mutes are inclined to become beggars, which is a great injustice to those temporarily out of work.

Nine times out of ten, fake mutes enter homes or places of business to lay their plans for robbing the premises. Through this sympathy racket they get an audience easier, and while doing so perfect their plans. The following clipping from the Hagerstown Herald will give an example of this:

"When two strangers, who appeared and behaved like deaf mutes, called at the office of the John C. Herman Cigar Company at Cumberland, Pa., Saturday afternoon, January 9, 1915, and evinced a keen interest in the interior arrangements of the plant, the employees felt only pity for them.

"And when the visitors asked in sign language and with pencil and tablet numerous questions about the establishment, the workmen willingly, sympathetically, explained all they could. But just before the pair departed one of them wrote on a bit of paper:

"When is pay-day?"

"A clerk obligingly wrote: 'Tomorrow—Saturday,' in reply.

"Amazed workmen who came to work Saturday discovered that the office door had been 'jimmied' and the safe door blown open. An empty nitroglycerin can and a decidedly queer odor in the air told its own story. An inner drawer had been pried loose and the contents, consisting of \$380 worth of revenue stamps, had been stolen. The stamps are of the kind used for the

tobacco trade and are of little value to the thieves. New Cumberland sleuths are seeking a trail, however."

Hampton will have a convention of the Old Dominion Society of the Deaf, to be held next summer, and it is expected that between 150 and 200 deaf-mutes from all parts of the state will attend the convention and make a crusade against the "deaf" impostor, and will ask the Virginia Legislature at the next regular session (1916) for the passage of anti-impostor laws.

The public in all parts of the peninsula and vicinity will confer a favor upon the self-respecting and law-abiding deaf citizens, by turning over to the police for further investigation every stranger applying for money who claims to be a "deaf-mute" or "deaf and dumb." L. B. BRUSHWOOD, HAMPTON, Va., Jan. 18, 1915.

National Association of the Deaf.

Organized, August 25, 1880.
Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1900.

President: Jay C. Howard, A. L. Roberts, Secretary: Harley D. Drake, Minn. Kan.

Treasurer: Walter Glover, S. C. A. B. Greener, Ohio. W. L. Waters, Cal.

Vice-Presidents: Mrs. A. Lashbrook, N. Y. Executive Committee: Jay C. Howard, Minnesota. Ex-Officio Chairman

Phillip L. Axling, of Seattle, Wash. Owen G. Carroll, of Austin, Texas Shelby W. Harris, of Jackson, Miss. Arthur L. Roberts, of Olathe, Kansas. John O'Rourke, of Haverhill, Mass. Robert S. Taylor, of Mount Olive, N. C. Leo C. Williams, of San Francisco, Cal.

[OFFICIAL.]

Our good friend, Rev. Dr. Cloud, of St. Louis, is wasting no time in getting after the deaf fakirs. "Go thou and do likewise."

He sent a well written, boiled-down statement of the matter, strengthened by reproductions of three begging cards printed and circulated by St. Louis fakirs, to leading Missouri papers. He is now busy on the Legislature matter. Have you, gentle reader, as good a record to show?

If not, why not? The European War, together with the general business depression, will result in hosts of able bodied Americans suddenly losing the power of speech and hearing—temporarily. Now as never before is it up to us to curb this pernicious and, to us, harmful practice, for if it becomes well rooted, years must elapse before it is again subjugated.

Three years ago, I printed and mailed at my own expense a twelve-page pamphlet exposing the wiles of the impostor, dwelling on the harm they do, and—most important of all—giving several approved methods for exposing them. On the last inside page were the names and addresses of at least one capable, earnest deaf man, in every large city in the state, with the information they would be glad to co-operate with the police whenever needed.

This pamphlet was mailed to all the larger newspapers of the State, to police chiefs, judges, heads of detective bureaus, etc., with a courteous request to place on file and consult whenever a "deaf beggar" case came up. It seemed to work exceedingly well—way beyond expectations.

We are now compiling an even better circular along the same lines. My printer boys will do the work free, and the paper bill should not amount to much, say ten or fifteen dollars. This I will stand personally responsible for, since President Howard failed to make an appropriation for carrying on the work, simple stating, "Here's the job, now get results or I'll fire you."

However such state chiefs as desire copies, with envelopes to fit—return address printed in the corner—can secure them in any quantity at \$1.00 per hundred, postpaid. On the last two pages I will print the names, mail addresses and phone numbers of such workers, in each city as may be designated by the state chief. The money is expected to barely cover cost of mailing; those having the interests of the deaf actually at heart will not hesitate to spend a couple of dollars or so in this manner. In the larger cities a meeting can readily be called, enthusiasm worked up, and a collection taken sufficient to cover all the costs of postage and correspondence, with maybe a little left over for the Endowment Fund.

This is being done. Three or four copies will be mailed free to every state chief as soon as his or her address comes in. If more copies are desired for any purpose, send on sufficient postage to pay for forwarding. My address is W. S. D., Vancouver, Wash.

DO IT NOW!

Haste is imperative. The pamphlets will make very good material for the Legislatures. By the way, that tireless old war horse, Olof Hanson, of Seattle, who does good by stealth and blushes to find it fame, suggests a list of recent impostor cases to be compiled and read in the Legislatures during consideration of the Bills.

We need chiefs in several states, in a large majority, in fact. The following states are without representation, and somebody MUST volunteer for the post. Why not YOU!

Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky (bad cess to it, why not?), Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa, North Dakota, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Nevada, California, Hawaii, Alaska, and the Philippines. The last named is not worth worrying over, however.

"Pop" McGregor, of Ohio, may not be able to catch the oralistic flea, as we glean from watching his address on the moving picture film, but he should be able to catch a few impostors now and then. As district chief, he may permit me to recommend the names of Mr. Moses Friedman, head of the city cement laboratory in Cleveland, and Mr. Louis J. Bacheberle, who owns his own printing plant in Cincinnati and prints the directory of deaf residents in the middle west. These men certainly are some hustlers when they get going in earnest. Perhaps "Pop" can borrow a few fleas to get them again if necessary. Another young man is Mr. Ray M. Black, President of the Piqua Branch of the N. A. D., residing at 708 W. Young Street, Piqua, Ohio, who writes me for some "dope" (the newspaper argot for news material) on the impostor matter, desiring to keep the local papers posted from time to time.

That is a laudable aim, and Piqua has set a mark for other cities to surpass—if they can. "Behold the ways of the impostor. He toils not, neither does he spin, yet verily I say unto you, that not Jay Cooke Howard with all his possessions is like unto one of these in the amount of easy money he has to spend each night."

Get after them. DO IT NOW. J. FREDERICK MRAGHER, National Chairman Impostor Com.

N. S. D., Vancouver, Washington, 1-5-15

CHICAGO.

News items for this column should be sent to S. H. Howard, 1400 East 57th Street, Chicago, Ill.

On Friday night, at the Parish House, Miss Christal gave a novel party to some of her friends whose birthdays occur in January.

Much fun and refreshments were enjoyed highly by all who were present.

Miss Christal's own bright idea was a pleasing comment. The Social and Dance tendered by the members of N. F. S. D., was a great success, about three hundred guests being present. The music was loud and fine.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Heymansson, of Nashville, Tenn., and Mrs. David Zimmerman, of Cleveland, were seen at the hall.

Ivan said that he met Patrick Hillard, of Columbia, Tenn., last summer, and that the latter wished to be remembered to his old friends in Chicago, and that he had been working on the farm of his wife's father since he was married.

Ivan remarked that he had seen Frank, of Atlanta, who was sentenced to hang, and that he believed him to be innocent.

Mr. Heymansson and his wife stopped here to celebrate the 40th anniversary of the wedding of Ivan's parents.

Mrs. Zimmerman (nee Silver) is the guest of Mrs. Fred Hyman, an old classmate of hers, and will go on to St. Louis in a few days on a visit to her parents and friends.

Walter E. Michaelson was married to Martha G. Pearce, the pretty hearing daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Pearce, on Thursday, December 30th. They were the picture of happiness at the hall.

Two old Fanwoodites, Messrs. Charles Newton and Carl U. Solov, are doing well in Chicago.

Sixteen deaf employees are said to be laid off at the Automatic Electric factory for an indefinite time.

The members of the Chicago Athletic Club will hold its Annual social and dance, in the same Colonial Hall, on Saturday evening, February 6th. Admission, 25 cents.

The meeting of the Chicago Chapter was postponed to January 30th, on account of the N. F. S. D. social.

Mrs. James Broadway, nee Nellie Lamb, who used to sew in Chicago some years ago, is a resident of Cold Water, Michigan, and the owner of a pretty home and lot. Her success is the result of her industry and patience. Her husband is employed in a shoe factory.

It is noticed that over forty oralists were enjoying the social and dance with the strongest advocates of the Combined Method, at the hall. They cannot help mingling at the Parish House and churches, but have to jaw constantly at home.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

It has come at last! No, we don't mean the Harem Skirt; we were referring to the cutting out of the gas plant. It's a long, and O such a sad, sad story—but, to cut the pathetic tale short, the sword of Damocles has finally fallen, said sword being wielded by the stalwart arms of our thrice-honored Faculty. The old gas-lighting system, which in the past was the first aid to the midnight reveler, and the despair of the Faculty, has been "pulled" routed, utterly demolished, and cast into the college dump pile. Hereafter, if you want to have a quite little game of an evening, you will have to shuffle it off before 10:30 P.M., or else play it in the dark. Krool, krool world! The worst of it is that the end is not yet!

In the afternoon chapel services, held Sunday, January 17th, Rev. Herbert Claude Merrill, '96, took the rostrum in Chapel Hall, and delivered an impressive and powerful sermon upon the value of Example in the formation of character. He drew several illustrations from real life, showing how a good or bad example can influence a tendency for good or evil. He exhorted Gallaudet undergraduates to set a good example for the guidance of their deaf brethren.

We are sometimes inclined to sadly doubt the advantages accruing from a college education, especially after receiving a sample or two of it from the Co-eds. Recently a certain Miss '17 informed us that the Trans-Atlantic Cables were carried across the sea via telegraph poles imbedded in the bottom of the ocean. Help!

On Friday evening, January 23d, Prof. Amos G. Draper, '72, that eminent disciple of Euclid, quitted his beloved angles and circles long enough to deliver a lecture upon J. P. Laurens, a lifelong friend of Hopkins Gallaudet. Prof. Draper told how the two great men had been born and brought up in the same community, and gave an interesting account of the work they were called upon to do—one as a great statesman the other as a great educator.

After Prof. Draper had concluded his lecture, Foltz, '15, nearly fell over his chair in being the first to congratulate him. Foltz's cake was all dough, however, when the Professor inquired casually what he had been laughing at during the course of the lecture. We would advise "Folly" not to be so precipitous in the future.

On Saturday morning, January 23, the candidates for the Kappa Gamma Fraternity gave a short play on the Kendall School courts. Of course it was a la Sherlock Holmes affair—they all are! And as a matter of course, the plot included a kidnapping incident, a despairing father, and a clever detective, who outwits the plotters and recovers the stolen child. Scott Cusaden, '17, as Sherlock Holmes, outdid himself.

In a game replete with clever passing and beautiful and accurate goal shooting, the Gallaudet Co-Eds' Basket-Ball Team met and conquered the National Park Seminary Girls' Team, on Wednesday afternoon, January 21st, by a score of 10 to 6.

To those who have been watching the fortunes of our Co-Eds, the victory came as a great surprise, for in the past, when our girls have met National Park Seminary, it has been customary to figure upon the size of the score the Seminary girls would make. In this game, however, the Gallaudet girls played beautifully throughout the contest, and romped all around their larger and heavier opponents. Much praise is due them. Keep it up, girls, we are proud of you.

Foltz, '15, and Marshall, '17, having a difference regarding their relative ability at basket ball, picked scratch teams and decided the matter by playing a game, which was one of the hardest and roughest ever seen in the Kendall Green gymnasium. To make matters interesting, somebody dumped a couple of pails of water on the floor, thereby causing many a "great" man to come to an untimely fall. The score saw-sawed back and forth throughout the game and it required extra periods to decide the winner. Foltz's side finally won by a score of 31 to 27.

Gallaudet 19 Loyola 24

On January 23d, the Gallaudet Quint journeyed up to Baltimore, where it received a sound drubbing at the hands of the Loyola.

It was the first time that Loyola had beaten Gallaudet in three years, and the Buff and Blue men were so confident of victory that they played loosely and carelessly during the first half. Only two men on the team played a really good game. Those were Rockwell and G. Wenger.

The end of the first half saw Loyola leading by a score of 14 to 11. At the beginning of the second half, Gallaudet hit up a faster clip, playing more cautiously, and displaying some semblance of teamwork. The fat was already in the pie, however, and the game was beyond their control. In spite of the best efforts of the Kendall

Greeners to win the game, or to at least tie the score, the Loyola Five kept its lead, and won without exertion, the score being 34-19, at the sound of the whistle.

Rockwell, as usual, was Gallaudet's most dependable point getter, he getting 13 of the 19 points scored by the Buff and Blue. In the middle of the second half, Rockwell sustained a sprained ankle, and his removal from the game was a severe blow to the Kendall Greeners.

GALLAUDET Pos. LOYOLA
G. Wenger L.f. Corcoran
K. Wenger R.f. Schenrich
Hammussen c. Ulrich
Keeley l.g. Martindale
Rockwell r.g. Joyce

If we had a million dollars we would spend it by placing sign-boards in every cemetery on this earth. Inscribed on every sign-board would be these words: "This is no place for Praise. They don't need it—now."—Apache.

A superabundance of silk in the saloonkeeper's palace owes its presence there to the fact that there is ragged calico in the drunkard's home.

FANWOOD.

One of the nicest of the many Fanwood reunions was the first of 1915, held in the pupils' study-rooms Saturday evening, January 23d. There were many games of fun and interest, and with the help of our teachers, the evening passed far more quickly than usual.

The grand march shown by the senior classes was one of the many attractive sights presented. The grace in which the poetry of motion is indulged is becoming apparent from all sides of the dancing floor; here and there the gay couples are becoming experts. Dancing as a recreation is much enjoyed by the Fanwood girls, who in turn find the boys only too glad to learn under their dainty instruction; thus the reunions are about always sure to be successful.

To the good management of the committee in charge, Miss Grossman and Cadet Chief Musician Cammann, the Saturday evening affair will go down on the 1915 records with extra flourish. In spite of the bad weather, we were pleased to see so many of the teaching staff with us. A literary entertainment is looked for next Saturday evening, to be held in the Chapel Hall.

Sunday Services were rendered by Professors Jones and Iles, who dealt with their subjects in forcible style.

This month much attention has been directed toward speech and lip-reading, which is recognized as one of the greatest essentials in the education of the deaf. Once master in speech, one of the greatest thorns in after life is conquered.

We're neutral as usual on the war-talk, but the tragedy of the European powers now engaged often receives much comment and criticism, in the brisk discussions sometimes carried on between the older boys of A Company.

Sunday afternoon the Principal witnessed Companies A, B and C, put through a practice drill by their respective captains. At the 12th Regiment Armory, Saturday, February 6th, they will compete for a prize to be awarded by the Regiment.

Saturday afternoon only a small majority of the pupils went out on nearby trips home. Bad weather here always calls for extra precautions against colds.

Sunday night Prof. W. G. Jones was on hand with his usual good humor and rendered one of his many fine stories.

The writer is in receipt of a letter from Major W. E. Kadel, of the far-away Texas Institution, in which we are glad to read of his continued success and excellent health. It is with pleasure that his many former Fanwood comrades may know, that his best wishes are extended to all. He promises some Texan "photos" in his next letter, which will be of much interest, we feel sure.

With the extra work on the Annual Report now being done in the printing office, the staff finds its hands full at the present writing.

The following relates to the eldest son of Dr. Thomas F. Fox, and was taken from last Sunday's New York Herald:—

FOX-GUERIN.—On Saturday, January 23, at Morristown, N. J., by Rev. Dr. Tyler, at the Church of the Redeemer, Ruth L. Guerin to Edwin R. D. Fox, Caldwell, N. J.

Through the ready kindness of the Principal, a tour of the American Geographical Society's Building, at 155th Street and Broadway, was made during the latter part of last week, by several of the advanced classes. They report having made a most profitable visit, such themes as geographical questions, ancient and present-day maps, and a fine collection of photographs on exhibition illustrating other countries, having occupied their time and which at present has awakened in many a new interest for the study of geography.

At a recent meeting of the Pro-teans the members enjoyed a pleasant talk with the Principal.

"A PROTEAN ANECDOTE."

During the recreation hours Cadet Captain William Lux is usually seen filling his inner sanctum; Cadet Captain Rubin on the basketball court playing to his heart's content; Cadet Captain Gruet curled up in a chair in some corner reading "Scott's Last Antarctic Expedition;" Cadet Adjutant Parsons scolding the errors of the nation; Cadet Chief Musician Cammann reading the sporting page of the latest newspaper edition; Cadet Lieutenant Burke trying to map out the answer to plane geometry; Cadet Lieutenant Schnapp figuring out a way to escape a probable "pile on" in the evening; Cadet First Sergeant Funk lecturing on this and that; Cadet Sergeant Lambert dreaming of his future hopes to be; Cadet Corporal Barnes wondering how much it will cost him to maintain his usual gigantic appetite in after life; Cadet Corporal Stafford how many wood-chucks he will kill this summer; Cadet Corporal De Castro how his old home in Panama looks after not having been there for four years.

BASKET BALL

FANWOOD, JR., 36 ADELPHI, 23d

On Saturday afternoon, the 23d, the day being rainy and cloudy, at 2:30 P.M., the Adelphia Five, who was swept very easily by the Fanwood Five last week by a big score, invaded the court for another red-hot game with a newly organized team of deaf pupils, calling themselves the Fanwood, Jr., Quintet, under the captaincy of Morris Rubin.

The writer regrets to state that he cannot write down the long details of the game in this column, because of his visit to his friends.

In the first half, the Fanwood, Jr., Quintet being too heavy for the invaders, the latter could not play fast and steadily. When the half came to an end, finding that the score stood in the favor of the home team, 20 to 5, the Adelphia team wanted the captain of the deaf team to leave the court, so Guinta took his place.

In the second half, the visitors caged the goals easier than the first half, because of the absence of the captain, who guarded himself well and put his boys into strong places, so as to frustrate the opponents' efforts to cage the goals. As the referee whistled, the home team hurried for their victory over the hearing team.

Owing to the bad weather, a game between the Fanwood Five and a hearing team was postponed to next Saturday.

FANWOOD, JR. ADELPHI
Olsen L.f. Paul
Schnapp R.f. Thompson
Rubin, M. c. Durnet
Ross o. Robben
Lambert l.g. Collins

Summaries:—Field goals—Olsen, 3, Schnapp, 3, Rubin, 2, Ross, 2, Paul, 6, Durnet, 1, Collins, 1. Total goals—Olsen, 1, Schnapp, 1, Rubin, 4, Durnet, 1, Collins, 3. Substitutes—Guinta for Rubin. Referee—Mr. Cote. Timekeeper—Mr. Margat. Time of halves—twenty minutes.

At the regular weekly meeting of the girls' L. B. W., a social hour was given by Mrs. Currier, Monday evening. Cocoa and cakes were served as refreshments, and from reports all had a pleasant time, with due thanks to their hostess.

WASHINGTON.

Still hale and hearty, 'Washington's Grand Old Man,' Mr. Isaac H. Benedict, passed his ninetieth milestone on the 21st of January. The occasion was remembered by his son-in-law and daughter, Rev. and Mrs. A. D. Bryant, when they held an informal reception in honor of the event. Mr. Benedict's friends, both deaf and hearing, are legion hereabouts, and they trooped in by the score to tender him their felicitations. Here is wishing him many more years of life and happiness.

What was probably one of the most successful, best-attended and most thoroughly enjoyable socials ever held by Calvary Baptist Mission, came off on the evening of January 20th. Although it was one of the worst nights of this rainy, sleety, snowy, and in all most disagreeable winter Washington has experienced in forty-seven years, the crowd that turned out and braved the elements was far above expectation. It seemed that everyone had a hunch that everybody else would stay at home, and therefore felt it incumbent upon themselves to venture forth and help make at least a respectable attendance, consequently, when your scribe arrived from the wilds of Maryland—in the winter time—his eyes nearly popped from their sockets, when he beheld the swell crowd of happy, gesticulating humanity that nearly filled the spacious parlors of Calvary Baptist Church.

Miss Maud Edington was in charge of the social part of the program, and the interest and enthusiasm shown by the assembly, bore eloquent tribute to her ability as a leader of parlor games. Mrs. H. S. Edington, ably assisted by Mr.

Edington, and Misses Lamb and Stansbury, looked after the wants of the "inner man." Some of the out-of-town guests at the social were: Mr. and Mrs. George Sanders, of Philadelphia, Mrs. Annie (James) Moylan and her hearing sister, Mrs. Barr, of New York and North Carolina, Miss Helen Fish, of Connecticut, and Miss King, of Texas.

The next social will be held on the evening of February 17th, with Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Dowell and Mrs. Elliott in charge. Everyone is cordially invited to attend.

The first annual masquerade ball of Washington Division, No. 46, N. S. F. D., was held at National Rifles Armory on G Street, near 9th Street, N. W., Friday evening, January 25th, 1915. Quite a large crowd turned out, and quite a neat sum was realized. The Committee, Messrs. Marchman, Chairman; Stewart, Bernsdorf, Lowell and Courtney, labored long and hard to make the affair a success, and it was a success in the fullest sense of the word. Mrs. Harrison won the prize for the prettiest costume, and W. E. Marshall dressed up as a clown, and his antics proved his claim as to being the most comic person on the floor, left the Hall several dollars richer than when they entered. N. B.—We have since learned that some nocturnal prowler rifled Mr. Marshall's pockets that night, and carried off his prize. We have a sneakin' notion that we know who that somnambulist was, but we ain't goin' to tell, no, not by a jug full.

Since the organization of the local Division of the N. F. S. D. a great deal of good has been accomplished. Where once there were warring cliques and factions, each pulling at opposite angles, there is more peace and harmony and a disposition to pull together. The old "Anvil Chorus" has been pretty nearly silenced, although once in a while some or another gets out his hammer and gives the iron a whang for "old time's sake," but these are now few and far between, and those of us (ourselves included) who still have the habit, might do well to lay aside our noise makers and like an unknown poet (?) has it:

Boozy a Br!
Here you discontented knocker!
Growlin' 'bout the country's ills;
Chloroform your dismal talker—
Take a course o' liver pills!
Stop your loud lo-lo-tee howlin'
Give some sense and get some wit,
Don't sit in the dumps a growlin'.
Jump the roost
An' boost
A bit!

Fall in while the band's a playin',
Ketch the step and march along;
S'ed o' pessimism in your brain,
Fine the ballerinae—song!
Drop yer hammer—do some roostin'—
Grab a horn, you galoot, and split
Every echo with yer rootin',
Jump the roost
An' boost
A bit!

Mr. and Mrs. George Sanders, of Philadelphia, Pa., have been in town for the past week or so, renewing old acquaintances and making new ones. Mr. and Mrs. Sanders were long residents of Washington and are very popular hereabouts. While here they were the guests of Rev. and Mrs. A. D. Bryant. Great surprise was manifested at the masquerade ball, after unmasking, it was found that they were present; for not a soul had a inkling that they were there.

Mrs. Annie Moylan, widow of the late James Moylan, is in town for a brief visit with her sister. She has many friends here among the older generation, and they are all very glad to see her again.

Mr. John O'Rourke and his wife, of Haverhill, Mass., are now in the city on business and pleasure. While here they will be cordially entertained by their many friends.

Miss Helen Fish, of Mystic, Ct., is in Washington, the guest of her friend, Miss Minnie Kipp. Miss Fish is a very popular young lady, and we are all pleased to see her again.

OCCASIONAL.

BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Friends of Miss Sadie Cohn tendered her a pleasant, surprise birthday party, Saturday evening, at her home, No. 9 Sanford Street, Binghamton, N. Y. Many games were played, after which refreshments were served. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Hara, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hamel, Mr. and Mrs. Silas Willets, Mrs. Sarah C. Austin, Miss Louise Austin, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Briggs and Miss Goldie Kobrin, Miss Mildred Samuels, Miss Rebecca Cohn and Charles Hollan, William S. Austin and Edith Cohn. Miss Cohn received a number of handsome gifts in remembrance of the occasion.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER, Pastor, 3525 N. 10th St.

Holy Communion—First Sunday, 3:00 P.M., Third Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Morning Prayer—First Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the first, 3:00 P.M.

Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P.M.

Cleric Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.

Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.

Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P.M.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

New York can boast of a good many things, but it never occurred to anybody to boast of its weather. That wasn't anything to brag about. It was to be execrated.

Let's try to see some good in everything. Just look at what the weather sharps doled out to us last Saturday. Mid-April weather at the fog end of January. Snow in the morning and torrential rains the rest of the day and night. Damp as it was, it failed to dampen the enthusiasm of the assembly at St. Ann's Church Guild Room, that evening, where Mrs. Isabella Fosmire and her cohorts held the stage with a vaudeville and minstrel show. The room was well filled, and the entertainers did their best to please, and succeeded.

First on the program was a farce, entitled "A Broken Engagement." It all hinged on an absent-minded fiancé, two love-sick girls, a ferocious father, a diplomatic mother, and mixed photographs. It was very well presented by:

Miss Lily Lindhoff....A Diplomatic Mother
Miss Alice Tracy.....A Victim of Cupid
Miss Anna Klaus.....Another Victim
Mr. Charles Wiemuth....Ann's Intended
Mr. George Rau.....The Absent-Minded Fiance
Adolph L. Pfandler....A Ferocious Father

At the intermission, Miss Alice Judge rendered with grace and spirit the recitation "The Knight's Toast."

The curtain soon went up on "A Matrimonial Venture," where the woes of those who desire to marry and to be given in marriage are set forth in such a manner that the audience, far from being sympathetic, gives way to unrestrained mirth. This time it was the servant of the house that came near upsetting the whole marriage bureau.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, whichever way your sympathies lie, the whole thing ended happily, and the following made their bow at the final curtain:

Matilda Jane Spriggins, drudge....
.....Mrs. J. H. McCluskey
Violet Allaloney, spinster.....
.....Louise E. Turner
Janet Jinks, a sweet young thing.....
.....Margaret Sherman
Joseph Dough, a rich bachelor.....
.....Alfred G. Stern
Frank Littlemoney, with prospects.....
.....W. A. Renner

It all ended in Violet and Joseph agreeing to drive tandem the rest of their days; Janet and Frank hitched up also, and with the aid of Uncle Joseph's money, trot through life with the high steppers. The only unmated one was Matilda, but she had hopes of the copper on the corner and was perfectly satisfied.

Then to wind up the evening, the stage-manager spilled on the stage as black a bunch of Ethiopians as ever twanged a banjo or rattled the bones. Some of them were new to the business, but none was sparing with the burnt cork and carmine grease paint. J. P. Radcliffe even sacrificed his moustache on the altar of Thespis. Mr. Chester Q. Mann introduced his brother members of the Ananias Club, promising a razor to the one telling the tallest story of the evening. The bunch of prevaricators owned to the following names off the stage:

William W. Thomas, Charles Wiemuth, Frederick King, Adolph Pfandler, Victor Anderson, J. Pier-son Radcliffe, Fred W. Meinken, Keith Watts Morris, Chester Q. Mann, and last but not least, Aunt Jemima—Mrs. Isabella Fosmire.

The antics and the stories of the Club convulsed the audience. When the curtain went down and the burnt cork and grease paint went off, the club assisted in serving the refreshments, sandwiches, cake and coffee. It was a splendid entertainment and all who participated or helped in any way, deserve much credit for carrying it to a successful conclusion.

SCOTTY BRINGS HOME THE BACON.

Whenever slackness in the composing room of a big New York printery allows, Bill Renner be takes himself to the suburbs of Poughkeepsie, and demands provender and lodging and raiment from Farmer Murray Campbell, or "Scotty," as his bosom friends call him. The first two requisites are always forthcoming. The last is commandeered, when Bill falls into the creek, gets caught in a shower, or is in danger of having his city apparel mused up by messy pigs of which Scotty owns fourscore and six. Hereby hangs the tale of a pig and its tail. Those who have read Kipling's "007," in "The Days Work," will remember the shame of the great mogul locomotive after it was ditched by a shoot. It was nothing to the confusion and muck that overwhelmed Farmer Murray, after an encounter with one of his own shoats. Bill tells it thusly:—

"We were inspecting the porcine stock after a rare good dinner (his cook is a dandy), and Scotty was enlarging on the good points of the swine. I was getting bored, for I did not know one pig from another,

and was drawing on my imagination to fill the vast void between Scotty's enthusiastic porkology and the reality of inexpressibly dirty grunTERS. Now when I am with Scotty, and begin to feel bored, it's a sure sign something is going to happen. Sure enough it did. One of the young porkers, apparently at the freshman stage, nosed up a board, and scuttled for freedom. Scotty made a dive at his piglets, missed by two inches, and raced after it. Luckily the barnyard gate was closed. That pig could run, side-step, and turn corners on its hind legs, and I was holding on to the pig-pen and cheering the young hog on. No, I didn't offer to help catch him, Scotty always gets mad if I butt in. He says that whenever I offer my services I always turn an accident into a catastrophe. I just held on to the pig pen, and sometimes I held my aching sides. Round and round went Scotty, always with the pig two inches ahead. Finally Scotty got him cornered, and just as he went head in for a first-class tackle, the pig butted into his legs. But Scotty got a death grip on its tail. Say, that pig was no weakling, and Scotty wouldn't let go. The young swine dragged his lord and master clear through the muck heap. But Scotty peened him at last. When he recovered his breath he turned to me and said, "Say, Bill, what do you think of that for a shoot? Strong, wasn't he?"

I removed myself forty feet, so as to get a good start for the gate, and then I said, "Between you and the young hog, Scotty, there's a wonderful similarity. You are both remarkably strong for your ages, and you both are persistent. Just at present, however, I very much prefer the society of the pig, for between you two, the pig is a far sight the cleaner. Take a bath." Immediately after saying this I started for the railroad station. I will call on Scotty again in a month or two. I think it would be unsafe to venture near him any sooner.

In her palatial home amid the rolling hills of Bronxville, N. Y., Miss Mabel Johns entertained a goodly number of her "oral deaf" and hearing friends, on Saturday evening, January sixteenth. Owing to the inconsiderate schedule of trains provided by the New York Central, it was necessary to start the festivities early and terminate them before midnight. But although the time was limited, the enthusiasm of the gathering was in no way diminished.

Several novel games were indulged in, the first being designed to test one's knowledge of geography. Various articles were distributed about the room, suggestive of well known countries or cities, and the guests were required to write down their answers. Mrs. Nies won the prize among the ladies. Among the men, Messrs. Radcliffe, Macey, and W. P. Pfeiffer, were tied for first place. Upon drawing cards for the prizes, Mr. Radcliffe won first, Mr. Macey second, and Mr. Pfeiffer was awarded the second ladies' prize for "consolation."

Next came the identification of "ghosts." The men were confined in a room while three of their number were encased in sheets, in which holes had been cut for their eyes, and the ladies were expected to identify them. The same was done with the men, trying to identify the ladies, and merriment ran high as the "identifications" were verified or disproved when the "ghost" unmasked.

"Time out" was then called for the serving of refreshments, over which Mrs. Johns presided, while the stronger sex furnished the "handsome waiters." Chicken salad, ice-cream and cakes, and punch, made up the menu.

The victrola was then started and the company began tripping the "light fantastic too," and before the party broke up there was a good old-fashioned Virginia reel.

In addition to the members of Miss Johns' family, those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. A. Pfeiffer, Dr. and Mrs. Nies, Mr. and Mrs. Beadell, Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe, Mr. and Mrs. O. Lewis; Misses Hagedorn, Sewall, Hayward, Kent; Messrs. FitzGerald, W. P. Pfeiffer, Moorhead, Muir, Fabischer, Quinlan, Forse, Campbell, and Macey.

The second anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Schneider's marriage is January 18th, but it was celebrated on Sunday, the 17th, when their infant daughter was christened Anna Elizabeth, by the Rev. Arthur Boll of the Lutheran mission for the deaf. Mr. and Mrs. Fuhrer, of Lynbrook, L. I., sister and brother-in-law of Mr. Schneider, were her god-parents. The baby was showered with well wishes as well as gifts, but the greatest surprise of the evening was when Mr. Fuhrer, her god-father, with an appropriate speech, put a little box in her hand and upon being opened contained a gold-piece. After the baptism Mrs. Schneider demonstrated her ordinary ability by serving a bountiful supper, and after the innerman was satisfied everybody was called upon to make a speech. They all responded, and if all the good wishes come true, Anna Elizabeth will surely be a lucky girl.

The only deaf-mute invited was Mrs. Schneider's chum, Miss Libbie Silberman. Besides those mentioned above, those present were: Mrs. Lewis Foure, Dr. F. Halves, Mr. and Mrs. A. Erskine and daughter Marie, Mr. and Mrs. A. Steinbuch, and Mrs. and Mrs. A. S. Foure.

The Downtown Association of the Hebrew Deaf wishes to announce that there is to be a "Package Party and Dance," which is to be held at their club, 186 Christie Street, between Stanton and Rivington Streets, on February 7th, 1915, at two P.M. Women who come with a package, will be admitted free. The admittance to this is fifteen cents, including games of various kinds.

The officers of the Downtown Hebrew Association, elected at the last meeting are:—Abe Miller, President; Sarah Socoloff, Vice-President; Leonard Kramer, Secretary (re-elected); Ludwig Fischer, Treasurer (re-elected); Moses Zwetschenbam, Sergeant-at-Arms. Board of Trustees—Louis Blumen-thal, Joseph Zeis and Jennie Jacobs.

Braving the storm with the vigor and strength of youth, last Sunday evening found Philip Hoenig, Albert Balmuth and Harry Redman, all of Newark, under the chaperonage of Leopold Breslauer and Izzy Blumenthal, viewing the electric wonders of Harlem at Seventh Avenue and 125th Street.

Mrs. Annie Changan (*nee* Keitel), a former pupil of the Lexington Avenue School, died, of consumption, on the 22d of January, and was buried in Calvary Cemetery, on January 24th. She leaves a husband and three children.

The statement that the Gallaudet College Basket Ball Quint is to play with the Clarke Club is wrong. When they come to New York next month, the college boys will meet Fordham University and the New York Deaf-Mute Athletic Club team only.

The engagement of Miss Louise E. Turner, of Brooklyn, to Mr. Dean Tomlinson, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, culminates a romance begun at Gallaudet College half a dozen years ago. Congratulations to both.

Mrs. T. Berger gave birth to a son, at the German Hospital in Brooklyn, on January 20th. Both are doing well. Mr. Berger is a member of the German-American Deaf Mute Club.

George E. and Birdie August are mourning the death of their aunt, who passed away on December 29th, 1914, at the age of 87 years.

The Proposed Labor Bureau.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I submit a letter from Senator Clapp, in reference to Senate bill 4722, creating a bureau for the deaf in the Department of Labor. It will be seen by the letter that the Senator has succeeded in getting the bill favorably acted on by the committee and that it is now on the calendar. The Senator's letter explains why it will not be possible to make far the progress at this session of Congress. He also gives good words of hope and encouragement for the success of the bill in the next Congress.

I am content with the progress that has been made, knowing, as I do, from past experience, the extreme difficulty in getting laws enacted. The deaf have every reason to feel satisfied and to entertain hopes for the future. They should feel encouraged by the Senator's letter and be prepared to take it up with renewed energy at the next session. In Senator Clapp they have a warm friend and one in whom they may put entire faith. It will be noted at the conclusion of his letter he has requested that he may be reminded of the bill, in order that he may renew his efforts at the very beginning of the session.

A. R. SPEAR.

MINNEAPOLIS, Jan. 21, 1915.

UNITED STATES SENATE.

WASHINGTON, JAN. 14, 1915.

Mr. A. R. SPEAR,
420 North Third Street,
Minneapolis, Minn.

DEAR MR. SPEAR:—Senator Martine, from the Committee on Education and Labor, today reported the bill No. 4722 favorably and it is now on the Calendar. There is no possible show of its passing at this session, as objection is made to its passage under unanimous consent and it will be impossible to take up any legislation except administration measures. But it is a starter for it, and next session I hope to get it in early.

As you are, of course, very much interested in it, I wish you would also bear it in mind and drop me a note at the beginning of next session.

Cordially yours,
MOSSES E. CLAPP.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday, 9 A.M., and 3 P.M.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday, 3 P.M. Holy Communion, January 31st.

JANUARY.

31—St. John's Church, Passaic, N. J., 3 P.M.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 933 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

January 23, 1915.—The Columbus Branch of the N. A. D. got together Monday evening in the library of the school. Mr. McGregor recounted his experience with the Piqua deaf impostor, and how he had shown him up. The judge there could mete out no punishment to him for want of a proper law. All he could do was to turn him over to the court at Troy, where he was locked up on the vagrancy charge to which the man had pleaded guilty. He has since been released, but further along. The matter of having a State law to meet such cases in small towns was discussed, and the matter was turned over to the Legislative Committee of the Alumni Association, consisting of Superintendent Jones, Dr. Patterson and A. B. Greener. Mr. McGregor was added to the committee.

To increase the fund for the De l'Epee statue, Messrs. Zorn and Laher were appointed to arrange for a lecture or some kind of an entertainment with which to raise money. After the business meeting was over the lady members present, bless them, requested the members to remain a short time while they were absent on important business. They soon returned carrying with them cocoa and sugar wafers, which they distributed, much to the delight of those present. Mrs. Callison and Misses Jansen and Uhl were the ones who did the regaling entertainment.

This week we received a letter from Mr. Nelson I. Snyder, of West Alexandria, Ohio, saying two deaf impostors had been in his town within two days, one claiming Winchester, Indiana, as his home, and wishing to obtain funds to better his education at the college for deaf-mutes in Washington, D. C. He had a short written list of names of those who had contributed. He claimed to have become deaf recently through fever. The other fellow came the day after, Saturday. He was sleek and fat and wore colored glasses. He had been deaf four and a half years. He claimed England as his birthplace and that his parents had moved to South Carolina with him when he was small, that they are now dead, that he was a hotel manager in Kentucky before he lost his hearing, and he was shifting for himself now. Mr. Snyder had a talk with him, and was soon convinced he was a bad one. The fellow, when spoken to kindly, whined somewhat, and was in a hurry to get out of Mr. Snyder's office. He gave his name as Carr. He ought to be easily recognized by the glasses he wears and the list of recommendations he carries, among which is a gold seal on a leaf with a Bible Class Association, Berea business printed on. He also wore a badge pin of the association. We state the above, so if he should turn up in some large city where there are laws to meet such cases he can be arrested. He had a long list of names, among which was that of Harry King, of Eaton, a brother of Mr. E. T. King, of this City. The former handed the fellow \$1. The Common Pleas Judge of the County also parted with some of his money to the fellow.

Mr. Snyder showed the fellow up in his home paper, and asked the public when supposed deaf beggars come to them to call upon him to identify them, for it is seldom that a real deaf man goes around begging. He also asked that the City Council pass some law that would mete out just punishment to persons soliciting money under the pretence of being deaf.

Arrangements have been made by Rev. A. W. Stimson of Trinity Church, Bellaire, and Mr. Samuel W. Corbett, to give a service for the deaf of this church twice a month, Rev. Stimson giving the sermons with Miss Nellie Corbett doing the interpreting. Rev. Stimson is taking great interest in his parishioners. It has also been decided the first offerings of each month shall be retained for the benefit of the needy deaf of the parish, and the second offering each month to go to the benefit of the Home for Aged and Infirm. There are five or six deaf regular attendants of the church, besides several others who come occasionally. The use of the basement room of the church has also been granted the deaf for socials and entertainments they may wish to give for benevolent purposes.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bingham, of Duluth, reached Columbus Thursday afternoon, and are guests of the Zells. They are on their way home from North Carolina, where they have been visiting since November. They expect to leave here to-night, stopping for visits in Chicago and St. Paul on the way. They attended chapel services yesterday morning and afterwards visited the classes during the day. They did not want for company, as Mr. Bingham got his B.A. from Gallaudet College in 1905, and Mrs. Bingham, *nee* Allison, is an Ex. After school in the afternoon, there was a meeting of the college boys and girls, and old times were talked over.

Since the first of the year a certain class of people have considered the school a free boarding house, and about meal times flocked thither and asked for victuals for the inner man. Instead of the number decreasing, they grew, and the authorities have been compelled to put up notices on the front doors to the effect that lunches and meals will no longer be given out.

Mr. William King, in company with the visiting committee of the Ladies' Aid Society, Mrs. Mayer and Mrs. Schwartz, was at the Home Sunday and entertained the residents with a religious talk, while the ladies talked with him socially.

The baker of the school has been on the sick list all week. Fortunately the pupils have missed nothing in quality and quantity of their daily bread, as two of the boys under him know just how to mix and bake the staff of life.

Miss Pearl Ellis, one of the school's, help underwent an operation in Grant Hospital, this week, for goitre, and is doing as well as could be expected.

Plenty of snow here and the sleigh bells are jingling. This afternoon, while writing this letter, a number of pupils of both sexes passed our house on the way to Franklin Park to coast and slide. A. B. G.

The Sophia Fowler Gallaudet Memorial Fund.
On the afternoon of Wednesday, November 7, 1914, a meeting of the Committee engaged in collecting money for the Sophia Fowler Gallaudet Memorial was held at the home of Mrs. Arthur D. Bryant, 322 East Capitol Street, Washington, D. C.

A more permanent form of organization was felt to be necessary. This resulted in the election of the following officers to carry on the work of collecting funds for the memorial: President, Mrs. Arthur D. Bryant; Vice-President, Mrs. E. E. Hannan, 1831 F. Street, N. W.; Treasurer, Mrs. M. Heyman, 424 Central Park W., New York City; Secretary, Miss Helen Northrop, Kendall Green, Washington, D. C.

It is evident that the total amount of this Fund; two hundred and fifty dollars, must be subscribed this year if the memorial is to be completed in time for the unveiling at the meeting of the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf at Hartford in 1917. The sculptor, Mr. E. E. Hannan, who is now engaged in designing the tablet for this memorial, informs the officers that it will be impossible to make the cast for the tablet until the total cost of the tablet is guaranteed.

The officers do not feel able to shoulder the responsibility of this guarantee. It rests, therefore, with the deaf women of the United States to make the Memorial a reality. There are nearly sixty dollars in the treasury, and every woman interested in the education of the deaf will be prompted to contribute generously, and at an early date, towards the required amount necessary to complete this memorial in honor of Dr. Gallaudet's mother.

Contributions may be sent directly to Mrs. Heyman, or to your state collector, whose name will shortly be published in the JOURNAL.

HELEN NORTHROP,
Secretary

Deaf Mute's Horrible Accident

Groping in the dark hallway in a blind search for the door knob, Lawrence Horrigan, a deaf-mute, plunged his hand through a pane of glass in the door and losing his balance, went headfirst through the jagged opening, at his home on Clark street after two o'clock yesterday morning. His hands and arms were horribly lacerated and a vein in his head was cut by contract with the glass. A neighbor was aroused by the sound of falling glass, and hurried to the hallway to find Horrigan hanging over the door case with his head almost touching the floor and the blood fairly spurting from the wound in his head.

Dr. J. H. Dalton was summoned, and pending his arrival, an improvised bandage was wound securely around the injured man's head, stopping the flow of blood, and as later stated by the doctor, saving Horrigan from death by loss of blood. Horrigan's wife is deaf, dumb and blind, and to their little boy is left the entire care of the house in the absence of his father.

As Horrigan is, as a rule, home before midnight, the boy thought it advisable to look up for the night at about that time. Apparently, the father expected to find the door open and pushed hard, as if to open the door without causing it to squeak. The door is of the old-fashioned kind with four panes of glass, separated from each other by small wooden casings.—*New Britain News in Hartford Courant*, Jan. 22.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf in the Southern States, Illinois and Indiana.

J. W. MICHAELS, MINISTER IN CHARGE.

Services for the Deaf of all Denominations. Will answer all calls. Address all mail to Box 96, FORT SMITH, ARK.

DETROIT.

News items for this column should be sent to C. C. Colby, 188 Lafayette Boulevard West, Detroit, Mich.

A well-attended masked ball at the Bagley Hall, given by the Detroit Frats on Saturday night, January 23d, was enjoyed by all who were there. Only twenty were in costume, and they kept the rest amused. The first masked, one to be seen, was Pat the cop, and his extra large feet, who proved to be Ralph Beaver—he sure had everyone guessing. Then there were several pretty Indian girls who made friends with us very quickly. They were Mary Demick, Florence Goldman, Ruth Pempore and Mrs. Elsie Hugh. Cowgirl, Josie Bain, and cowboys, Edmund Meloche and George Pelrimoulx. The drunkard, who acted his part good, was watched closely by Pat the cop. The drunkard proved to be DeWitt Chapman, treasurer of Detroit Division No. 2.

Everyone recognized "Lizzie the maid," as his bald head was seen through the lace cap, nevertheless Mr. Colby joined the grand march. The mechanical doll "made in Germany," which refused to budge unless wound up, had everyone in a roar of laughter by his mechanical ways, which were acted by Ed. Dirreen.

Mrs. James Henderson wore a hooped gown, which was a typical style of 1860, and she acted out her demure ways to perfection. Miss Helena Warsaw represented "Queen of Heavens." Miss Etta May Evans, alias black Diana, and claimed she was a good cook.

Ed. Wurtsmith, dressed as a Turk; Chas. Brown and Ben Beaver, as clowns; Ed. Luchow as a farmer; Earl Swader as a colored man; Andrew Salmon as a Japanese lady with a big fan.

After an hour or so of fun with the masked guests, a grand march was performed, Miss Violet Colby playing on the piano. The judges chosen were: Mrs. John Berry, William Japes, and Charles Meyers. The following prizes were awarded to:

First prize—Alarm clock, Mrs. Henderson.
Second prize—Necktie, Ed. Dirreen.
Third prize—Pan, Mrs. Warsaw.
Fourth prize—Table scarf, Etta May Evans.
Fifth prize—Necktie holder, Ralph Beaver.
Sixth prize—Socks, Mr. Meloche.
Seventh prize—Pins, Mrs. Hugh.
Eighth prize—Hamper, Ed. Luchow.

After that there were several dances, then a picture was taken of the merry group by Mr. Gottlieb.

Mr. John Berry was unable to attend the ball, on a account of having four of his teeth pulled, but hopes he will be to the next party.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Meyers, of Northville, were in Detroit, attending the dance.

Mrs. Burt Winans returned home from a two weeks' visit with her daughter, who is a teacher at Flint, recently.

Mrs. Sadie Corcoran is located here, having secured a position.

Eugene McColl returned from Chicago, where he was working for about one year. His wife will return soon, after she recovers from her severe illness in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gottwerth, of Grosse Isle, made their annual call on their friends here on the first of January.

Mr. and Mrs. William Riderby and returned to Pontiac recently, after visiting Mr. and Mrs. Casimir Sadofsky for the holidays.

"Lincoln Day" will be the topic at the Parish building Saturday night, February 6th.

Many friends here will be very sorry to hear that Joseph Kolhoff, a former resident of Detroit, but now of Kalamazoo, is very sick.

Ladies' Pedo Club will meet at the home of Mrs. Preston Perry, on the 11th of February, in honor of Saint Valentine.

David Turill will leave for Cleveland for a short visit in February. Upon his return soon, he will be prepared to start for San Francisco exposition, where he expects to spend a few months.

Mrs. Christian Gottwerth made a friendly call on Mr. and Mrs. Preston Perry last Wednesday.

Helen Keller was in Detroit a few hours on the 21st of January, while on her way to Flint to lecture. Detroit papers had several columns devoted to the blind marvel.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Gottwerth celebrated their wedding anniversary, by inviting Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Colby and daughter, Violet, to a big New Year turkey dinner.

Mr. Gottwerth is an expert butcher, and knows how to get a tender and young turkey. And Mrs. Gottwerth knows how to get up a good table.

Many parties were given during this year. At Mr. and Mrs. William Fray's house, in honor of Mrs. Fray, for her birthday, on the second of January. Mrs. Fray received many gifts. Refreshments were served. Another party to at Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Stark's, to surprise the latter, and celebrate her birthday on the 9th. Friends remembered Mrs. Stark by bringing some beautiful presents. On the 16th, a party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead, in honor of Mrs. Whitehead. Several games were played to much merri-

ment. Many useful gifts were left. Refreshments were served.

William Rickey, of Flint, and Mrs. Bertha Schwerts, formerly of Ohio, now of Pontiac, were united in marriage before Justice Stockwell, in Pontiac, on the 4th.

Detroit Division No. 2, started its New Year's business in a new hall, on the 9th. The new officers were installed in office for 1915. The list of officers is as follows: Horace, B. Waters, President; William Behrendt, Vice-President; Collins C. Colby, Secretary; DeWitt C. Chapman, Treasurer; William Zeh, Sergeant-at-Arms; Fred H. Affeldt, Senior Trustee; John J. Hellers, Junior Trustee.

William Japes gave a smoker and card party at his home to his friends, Wednesday, Jan. 20th. Pedro was played, the first prize, a box of cigars, going to H. B. Waters; the second prize, a necktie, to William Behrendt; and the third, a cigar, to each player; and booby, a jar of smoking tobacco, to yours truly. A characteristic feature of the award of the prizes was the winners were the three consecutive officers of Detroit Division No. 2. Refreshments were served, and the guests enjoyed the evening immensely. The invited guests were Messrs. Huhn, Jacobs, Cornish, Pettist, Kubish, John and Peter Hellers, Colby, Waters, Polk, Behrendt, Wurtsmith and Tremaine.

BALTIMORE

Miss Zola A. Staley and Mr. Harry T. Creager, of Frederick, Md., stole away to Baltimore recently, and were quietly married by Rev. D. E. Moylan. Mr. Creager is the Boys' Supervisor of the Maryland School for the Deaf, while his wife had charge of the little boys at the school. Mrs. Creager resigned from her position, and is now housekeeper at the new Creager home. We extend our congratulations to the newly-wedded couple and wish them many years of happy married life.

Prof. I. Bjorlee, of New York, who spent several days here as the guest of Rev. Moylan during the holidays, returned home highly pleased with his visit here. He made many warm friends by his pleasant and gentlemanly manners. He was royally entertained by all. We all hope he will repeat his visit at no distant day.

The Methodist Mission will hold a Lunch Box Social in the Sunday School room this Thursday night, January 28th. The Ladies' Aid Society has the matter in charge.

Messrs. Samuel Platsky and P. Hallam went over to New York two weeks ago on business, and both were unable to see any deaf-mutes while in the great Metropolis.

Mrs. Florence Moore was very sick last week, but now she is well and out of bed, while Mrs. Lewis is still sick with pneumonia, and is now on the road to recovery.

Notwithstanding the rain and the slippery condition of the pavements last Sunday evening, there was a large attendance at Christ M. E. Church for the Deaf to hear Rev. Branflick preach an interesting sermon.

Among those who were present, we noticed Mrs. Jennie Kaufman and her married daughter, Miss Mary Allen, of Washington, D. C., and Harry Ewing, of Havre DeGrace, Md. Rev. Moylan is at present in Frederick, where he has been for the past two weeks.

Mr. Geo. A. Gallion, of Hartford Co., was in this city during the first week of January, in order to attend the Frat meeting and to attend to business in connection with his property in the city.

Mr. Aaron Freidenrich is now the happiest man in the whole world. He recently underwent a dangerous operation, which proved very successful, and now he is able to walk around easier and visit his deaf friends.

Ye scribe had great pleasure in meeting Mr. Arthur Hofmaster, of near Frederick, Md., in a trolley car last Saturday morning. He informed us that his wife presented him with seven-pound baby last January 1st. He owns a fine little farm and is engaged in the poultry business on a large scale.

The Frats here are growing by degrees, and now they have thirty-five members on the roll. They will hold a Valentine Social Saturday night, February 13th. Mr. O. K. Price is the Chairman, and from present reports the affair promises to eclipse all previous entertainments held by the Frats since its organization nine months ago.

Mr. Edwards Sterling, of Crisfield, Md., and a Mr. Smith, of Staunton, Va., were recent visitors here and attended service at Christ M. E. Church for the Deaf.

Mrs. Amanda Bentz, seventy-eight years old, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Gustave Thies, last Sunday, January 10th. She was the widow of the late William Bentz, and both formerly lived in York, Pa., but moved to Baltimore many years ago.

LOVE BALTIMORE.

Mr. Robert Sweeney's father passed away at Bridgeport, Ct., on January 18th, after a long illness.

Awl Points.

POSTUM CORNERS, Jan. 17, 1915.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—A couple of days ago a friend sent me the Seattle *Observer* for December 17th. I had supposed that the paper was dead, as I had not seen it for a very long time. I am glad it is still alive and hopes it will live till its beard is grey.

The chief article in this issue is by my old friend, Mr. Anson Rudolph Spear. Now I want everyone, who reads my letter, to understand that I love Mr. Spear like a brother, and would like nothing better than to have him come into my shop, sit on my best three-legged stool, and gas away an evening with me. I am quite sure we would end by agreeing to disagree on most things, but we would not pull each other's hair out, and would remain as good friends as ever, and look forward with pleasure to another debate, after which we would again agree to disagree.

Mr. Spear calls his article in the *Observer* "Spear Points." The chief target of his spear jabs, as for the past forty-seven years, is the N. A. D. I have called this letter of mine "Awl Points," and I am going to jab my longest and sharpest awl, good, hard and deep, into different parts of Mr. Spear's lovely anatomy.

I am going to do this because I think—and will prove—that Mr. Spear's article, taken as a whole, is not true. It is wickedly harmful, not only to the N. A. D. but to the deaf. People who read it without thinking, or who have no way of deciding that Mr. Spear is saying true things and facts, will believe that the N. A. D. is a gang of cunning sandbaggers, and that the officers have been sapheads or dishonest crooks—men like ex-Cadis, Robert Roy McGregor, yourself, Mr. Editor, Dr. Tommy Fox, Dr. Jimmy Smith, ex-secretaries like Dr. Dougherty, Rev. Harry White, Mr. Willie Ritter and the late Mr. Reggie Regensburg; ex-treasurers like Rev. B. R. Allabough, Mr. James C. Balis, Mr. Theophilus d'Estrella, and Poet Laureate Long; Executive Committee members, who in the past have been appointed because they are supposed to be the leaders of the deaf in their States or sections of the country.

Mr. Spear's article must give almost any reader, who does not know the true facts, the idea that the N. A. D. is an utterly useless organization and unworthy of winning its membership. Instead of helping the N. A. D., as I suppose Mr. Spear wants it to do, it is giving the Association a black eye. Instead of giving the deaf confidence in themselves, it takes this confidence away, because it makes them distrust the leading organization of and for their kind in the United States.

If Mr. Spear's statements were true, the wise men in the Association would have seen the facts long ago, and would have lost no time in correcting the abuses and strengthening the weak points.

But Mr. Spear's statements are not true.

I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Spear is a chronic grouch, who cannot be happy unless he is nursing some grievance against the N. A. D. At Chicago in 1893, he was dissatisfied because there were not more western men among the officers on the "slate" put up by the Nominating Committee. At the convention in St. Paul in 1899, he was dissatisfied at the way the election turned out, and it was not until 1907, when ex-Cadi Veditz began his fight for the Civil Service rights of the deaf, that he forgot to forget that the N. A. D. was still on deck. At Colorado Springs, he was dissatisfied because the Convention did not adopt his wonderfully impossible Spear Plan with a whoop and a hurrah and three hundred and forty-seven out of three hundred and forty-five votes. At Cleveland he was dissatisfied because Cadi Hannon would not let him spread himself all over the platform and over a whole morning, in his effort to tell the deaf about the Minnesota Labor Bureau for the Deaf. And now he is dissatisfied because the Association is guilty of "pyramidal folly," in that it is collecting a fund to raise a memorial of some kind or other to the memory of the man who did more for the real happiness of hundreds of thousands—including Mr. Spear and myself—of the deaf than any other man that ever lived from Adam's day till now.

He says that the N. A. D., in raising this fund, is robbing the deaf children now in school of the right to a liberal education.

That is not true—and Mr. Spear knows it.

He says that a majority of the adult deaf do not approve of this "robbery."

Until Mr. Spear brings forward figures to show that a "majority of the adult deaf" agree with him in this statement, I will assert that the statement is false.

He says that these adult deaf "are posteried and begged by an organized army acting in the name of the N. A. D., until they give up their money as the only way of getting rid of these beggars."

That is not true—and Mr. Spear knows it.

Mr. Spear says that "all through the years it has existed the N. A. D. has been playing this game. It has begged money of the common deaf-mute and plundered him, and in return has given him nothing."

That is not true—and Mr. Spear knows it.

Mr. Spear says that "to-day the N. A. D. stands no more potent to protect the deaf child in its rights to a common-sense education than fifteen or twenty years ago."

That is false, and Mr. Spear knows it.

Mr. Spear says that the "thousands upon thousands of dollars that have been squeezed out of the deaf have not been used to carry out the object and purpose of the organization, as set forth in its law, but have been squandered or will be squandered on 'side frills.'"

That is not true—and Mr. Spear knows it.

We know that the N. A. D. is now thirty-five years old. When it was started in 1880, the oral method was just beginning to make its serpent hiss heard in our American Garden of Eden. The birth year of the N. A. D. was also the year of the stinking Milan Resolution, but not one of the founders of the N. A. D.—Edmund Booth, McGregor, Hodgson, Fox, Dougherty—men who since fought and are still fighting the oral method tooth and nail—gave the menace of the oral method a thought. If they did, they did not say it.

The real birth of the oral method in this country did not take place with the founding of the Clarke School at Northampton in 1867. It took place in 1876, when Bell got his telephone patents. In the early eighties Dr. Bell and his associates were busy in the courts fighting to protect these patents against Berlin, Gray, and others. They won. Then the telephone became one of the great money-making inventions of the present generation. Then Bell obtained the Volta Prize, and then he became the patron saint of the oral method. It was not until 1886 that American teachers of the deaf, who could distinguish between right and wrong, began to appreciate the danger and menace of the new movement pushed, financed and fostered by Dr. Bell. It was not until 1893 that the deaf themselves, for the first time, voiced the alarm they felt at the steady onward march of this menace.

Without Dr. Bell the oral Association would not have had its Volta Bureau, or its *Volta Review*, or paid employees to give all their time to advance the method. It would have all NOT have had the fund of a quarter of a million dollars that is enabling it to do this work. It would not have accomplished as much in the line of progress as the N. A. D. has accomplished in checking and hindering this progress.

Now in the thirty-five years of its life the N. A. D. has "sandbagged" the American deaf exactly four times.

The first time was from 1883 to 1889. During those six years it "squeezed out of the American deaf" exactly \$12,447.77. This money was for the Gallaudet Memorial in Washington and was to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of this, our benefactor, Mr. Spear's as well as mine.

Let us see how this \$12,447.77 was "squeezed out of the American deaf." I was in charge of the collection work in my old State. I wrote letters to all my old friends and schoolmates. I then used for the first time the plain and simple language I have been using in these Dago letters of mine. I wished my deaf friends to understand and help. All of them understood and helped except one. This one was angry for some reason and refused to help. Two months later he fell under a train and had one of his legs cut off. I have always been glad that all the rest I asked, understood and were willing to help. It would be embarrassing to have my old State populated by a tribe of one-legged deafs.

Now I will tell you what one of those old friends did. He "squeezed" \$107. His subscription paper was sixteen feet long. I know, for he unrolled it on the floor of my room and it extended from wall to wall. It contained over four hundred names. Some of them gave fifty cents, some a dime, some a nickel, most of them a quarter. Among the four hundred names there was just one belonging to a deaf-mute, and that was my friend the collector himself. He had put in, or "squeezed" out a quarter.

It was about the same with all the other subscription papers. In the entire State about eight hundred dollars was collected. Not five per cent came from the deaf. I myself "squeezed" more out of the deaf than all the other collectors put together. I "squeezed" five dollars out of myself and eleven dollars out of three deaf teachers in the State School. My method of collecting was adopted in other States, and I believe made the success of the memorial sure.

Of the \$12,447.77 raised for this fund, I doubt that \$4,000 was sandbagged during the six years out of the deaf themselves. The balance was contributed, mostly in small sums, by their relatives and friends, who were happy to show their appreciation of what Gallaudet had done for them. It is folly to speak of sandbagging or squeezing the deaf in this particular.

This monument was unveiled in 1889. At that convention of the N. A. D. I doubt the term "pure oral method" was used anywhere in the

proceedings. My fighting friend, Rob Roy McGregor, delivered the oration, but the pure oral method is not so much as mentioned. As his alternate, I had prepared an address to deliver, in case he should drop dead or have a pain in his stomach. I did not mention this method. Neither did the Cadi (yourself, Mr. Editor), in the address of presentation.

In other words, the American deaf had not yet sensed the real danger of the oral method.

So the N. A. D. must be forgiven by Mr. Spear and everybody else, if it applied this \$12,447.77 raised between 1883 and 1889, to the erection of a memorial that has since given many times the value of \$12,447.77 in inspiration to the deaf who have seen it on the College grounds in Washington—or to the hearing who are daily seeing this manifestation on the part of the deaf, of the finest emotion the human heart is capable of—that of gratitude and appreciation for benefits conferred.

After this the N. A. D. took a long rest from its sandbagging and squeezing processes until 1909, or over twenty years. It then raised about \$5,000 for the Moving Picture Fund. Here my present State contributed a little over \$400. I "squeezed" myself out of another five dollars. So did Mrs. Masaniello. Of the whole \$400, I do not think over ten per cent was sandbagged out of the deaf.

It was the same with the balance of the fund. The most of it came from hearing friends and relatives, glad to be asked to help. Here, too, I know of one man who raised over \$100.00, most of which came in dimes and quarters from hearing people he knew. I know of another deaf-mute who raised over \$100.00 for this fund, only one dollar of which came from the deaf.

Next came the Gallaudet Repair Fund of 1912. Here \$2,109.63 was "squeezed" out of the poor, bleeding, pestered, sandbagged deaf, or about three cents each, if spread out evenly among them. This time I squeezed myself out of only 25 cents, as I believed and still believe it was the business of the New England deaf to look after this memorial.

And now we have the de l'Epee Fund. So far \$1,000 has been "stolen" from the little deafs in school. I have so far sandbagged myself and rendered myself unconscious enough to contribute \$1.00. But in the end my contribution will be \$5.00, as I think the movement is right and proper and will benefit the deaf. I hope the Fund will reach \$50,000. If the Association decides to erect a monument with it, well and good. If it decides to make a permanent Memorial Fund of it, the income to be devoted to the same uses that the good Abbe would have elected to put it to, were he in possession of such an income, well and good, also.

So here we have a total of \$20,000 raised by the N. A. D. during the thirty-five years of its existence—\$12,447.77 before the oral method was regarded as a real menace. That leaves about \$8,000. This sum at 4 per cent would yield \$320.00 a year.

Heigh ho, Mr. Spear, here we have the extent of your "robbery." Not to forget that \$5,000 has been put into moving picture films that are circulating among the schools and among the adult deaf, and are forever keeping before them one of the very strongest weapons of fighting the oral method—the sign-language. That would leave \$3,000 with an annual income of \$120. This is the mouse born out of Mr. Spear's mountain.

His "thousands upon thousands of dollars that have been squeezed out of the deaf," sounds like a million dollars. It dwindles down to \$3,000.

But the text of Mr. Spear's altogether unnecessary attack upon the N. A. D., is that it is neglecting its Endowment Fund. I wonder, now, how much Mr. Spear has "sandbagged" and "pestered" and "begged" himself to contribute to this fund. I have already "squeezed" myself for \$25 cash. It was given unasked. It was the first money ever put into the fund. I have also pledged \$10 more. I am only a poor cobbler. Mr. Spear is a man of comparative wealth. He ought to be good for \$500. Pledge this money, Mr. Spear, and thus earn or buy the right to rant and roar and throw your spear points at the N. A. D., whenever you think it is forgetting its duty toward this fund. You might also request Cadi Howard to put on his heaviest and most hob-nailed boots, to kick the present Endowment Fund Committee out of office, and substitute zealots like yourself and the editor of the *Observer*.

Even without funds the N. A. D. is now the strongest force in the whole country operating against the oral method. The N. A. D. has come to stand as the embodiment of deaf-mute public opinion. I fully believe that if the N. A. D. did not exist, or had never existed, the oral method would now be in force in every school in the country. It was the influence of the N. A. D. on his State Association that really prevented Mr. Spear's old school from being changed into an out and out pure oral school in 1913. It is the influence of the N. A. D. on State Associations that is keeping these State Associations awake. The deaf

who drove Douglas Keith out of office in the California school received their inspiration from the N. A. D.

Let not Mr. Spear, nor any one else, say that the N. A. D. is no more potent now in its stand for the rights of the deaf than it was fifteen or twenty years ago. It would not be true. Nineteen years ago the N. A. D. had less than 75 members at its Philadelphia Convention. It did not have enough money to print its proceedings. I sandbagged myself \$2.50, as did seven others, to help print this report. The N. A. D. did not begin to assert itself until 1907. It is still in its formative period. And it can look back upon a record that should fill Mr. Spear and every other American deaf-mute with pride.

Asking a deaf man like Mr. Spear to give \$1.00 or \$5.00 or even \$10.00 to the de l'Epee Fund, is not "begging," is not "squeezing," is not "sandbagging."

Pay the \$1.00 or \$5.00 or \$10.00. Mr. Spear, with a smile and a brotherly clap on the shoulder. Why nurse a grouch?

Then pay or pledge your contribution to the Endowment Fund. Send your check to Willis Hubbard, Treasurer, 511 West Third Street, Flint, Michigan. Money talks. It will tell us that your interest in the Endowment and the future strength of the N. A. D. is REAL—and not gas.

Respectfully,
MASANIELLO.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.

Friends, loyal and true, are the most precious possession one may have here on this earth, gold, rubies, pearls or diamonds are as dross and baubles compared to warm hearts that pour forth their love, breathing prayers that the evening of life may be crowned with happiness.

Saturday evening, December 12th, 1914, Vendome Hotel, Schenectady, was transformed into an earthly paradise by the love of friends gathered there to honor the anniversary of the birthday of Edward Klier. His birthday was bright with sunshine and happiness; he was the happiest gentleman of that day, surrounded by the love and respect of family and a legion of loyal friends.

The reception was all that could be desired. Friend came and went, with hearty greetings and fervent wishes. Mr. Klier was deeply touched by this outpouring of affection. The hospitalities were extended most generously to every guest. Mr. Bailey, as manager for the occasion, won deserved commendation from the tide of visitors. Every part of the anniversary was carried out most successfully, and the honored guest could only express in part the deep gratitude that filled his heart to overflowing.

Mrs. Charles Lashbrook surprised her Saratoga Springs friends with a pleasant visit, and all were glad to meet her.

Some one says: "Every now and then most of us are included to believe that the more we go to the movies the more we are convinced that if we only understood the language of deaf-mutes we might be better able to understand the moving pictures."

Arthur Theodore Bailey is a director of one of the wealthiest corporations in the city of Schenectady—he directs the envelopes for the Schenectady Gas Co.

The Bible Class of the deaf under the direction of Arthur Bailey has sounded the keynote of social harmony when it urged every one connected with it to cultivate more friendly relations and meet for the exchange of helpful ideas. One of the really great things in this world, with its multitude of minor and petty things, is friendship. Not the kind of friendship which takes unto your bosom everyone you meet, but the kind which seeks people who are *en rapport* with you, which is based on mutual good will and co-operation, which respects the opinions of others on terms of equality, with intelligent, thoughtful men and women, who may often differ as to means but who agree in deserving the common good of all.

FRED LLOYD.

CATHOLIC CHURCH NOTICES.

St. Francis Xavier's, 30 West 16th Street.—Instruction and Services in the College Hall, at 3:30 P.M., on the first and third Sundays of the month.

St. Rose's, 165th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue.—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue and 66th Street.—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

BROOKLYN.—Knights of Columbus Hall, Hanson Place and South Portland Avenue.—Religious Instruction at 3:30 P.M., on the fourth Sunday of the month.

Under the direction of
REV. M. R. MCCARTHY, S.J.

Lutheran Mission

St. Matthew's Lutheran Church for the Deaf. Services in the sign-language in the church, 426 Broome Street, every Sunday at 3 P.M.

ARTHUR BOLL, Pastor.

BONDS FOR INVESTMENT.

The fundamental principles governing sound investment are safety of principal, income return, marketability and distribution of risk. The wise investor divides his funds among issues varied in character and location.

We shall be glad to mail, on request, a selected list of municipal, railroad, public utility and industrial bonds, offering investments in various parts of the United States and Canada.

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NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes

AT

511 West 148 Street.

BASKET BALL

NEXT GAME

Saturday, Jan. 30

AT 8:30 P.M.

ST. ANN'S SILENT FIVE

VS.

WASH. HEIGHT'S BAPTISTS

Admission - - 15 cents

(Ladies - 10 cents.)

Dancing after game.

Lecture

ON

"Tess of the Storm Country,"

BY

W. W. W. THOMAS, OF YONKERS

Saturday, February 20th

At 8 P.M.

At Parish House

Bushwick and Jefferson St., Brooklyn

Under the auspices of the

Lutheran Guild of Deaf

Take Broadway or Myrtle Avenue elevated car and get off at Broadway and Myrtle Station and walk one block to Bushwick Avenue.

Admission - - - 15 Cents

ANNOUNCEMENT

Washington Birthday Party

under the auspices of the

NEWARK DIVISION, No. 42,

N. F. S. D.

at the

Turnbull Auditorium Building

283-285 Market Street

NEWARK, N. J.

Near the Pennsylvania Railroad Depot

On February 22d, 1915

9 to 11 P.M.

EVERYBODY WELCOME

All who can, should come in fancy costume to do honor to George and Martha Washington. You will meet many of your old schoolmates and friends at this happy party. Bring your hearing as well as deaf friends. The hearing guests will be able to participate with as much enjoyment as the deaf.

An interesting program has been arranged, which includes the Grand March, Dancing, Cherry Tree Innovation, an exhibition of new experiments in the line of devices for the benefit of the deaf, "Talkless" Telephone, games, etc.

VALUABLE PRIZES. The electrical instruments, such as an alarm clock, bell-less door bells with lamps or weight drops, or signals, etc., will be offered as prizes. They are costly but very useful for the deaf. They were manufactured by a deaf electrician.

Refreshments will be on sale. The hall is large enough to accommodate 500 persons, and is lighted with colored electric lamps. Any one who has suggestions to offer can communicate with the Chairman in writing.

Admission, 25 Cents

Committee of Arrangements—H. L. Redman, W. A. Atkinson, F. W. Bouton, G. Matzar.

W. E. SHAW, Chairman,

High Street and Ridge Avenue,

WEST ORANGE, N. J.

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SEVENTH ANNUAL

Mask and Civic Ball

under the auspices of the

Brooklyn Div., No. 23,

N. F. S. D.

at

Imperial Hall, 360 Fulton Street

Saturday evening,

February 6, 1915

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS

J. ELLIOT TAPLIN,

Chairman

W. L. BOWERS J. F. O'BRIEN

W. LYNCH A. HITCHCOCK

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Imperial Hall is one of the finest in Brooklyn and is easily accessible from all points of Brooklyn and New York. It can be reached by way of the Brooklyn Subway Express, etc.—Borough Hall Station. There will be many handsome prizes awarded for the prettiest and most unique costumes.

MUSIC BY VAN BAAR'S ORCHESTRA

Tickets (including wardrobe) 50 Cents

FIRST ANNUAL

DANCE

OF THE

Alphabet Athletic Club

TO BE HELD AT THE

BOYS' CLUB

Tenth Street and Avenue A,

NEW YORK CITY

Saturday Evening,

February 27, 1915

Admission, 25 Cents; Ladies, 15 Cents

(Including wardrobe)

MUSIC WILL BE FURNISHED

Committee—J. Boltzer (Chairman), M. Plapinger, J. Bohman, A. Borough, J. Schultz.

Basket-Ball Games

and Dance

to be given by the

New York Deaf-Mutes' A. A.

at

St. Ann's Church Hall

511 West 148th Street

Monday Evening,

February 22, 1915

Tickets - - 25 Cents

Reserved - - 35 Cents

DON'T MISS THIS

At the New York Deaf-Mute A. A. (Pawwood boys), who have been playing Championship ball, and the crack Gallaudet College of Washington, D. C., who have been cleaning up the Southern Teams, will meet.

The Lexington Deaf-Mutes (Midgents) of Lexington School for the Deaf, of New York, will play.

GOOD MUSIC

"Handsome Valuable Prizes."

SECOND ANNUAL